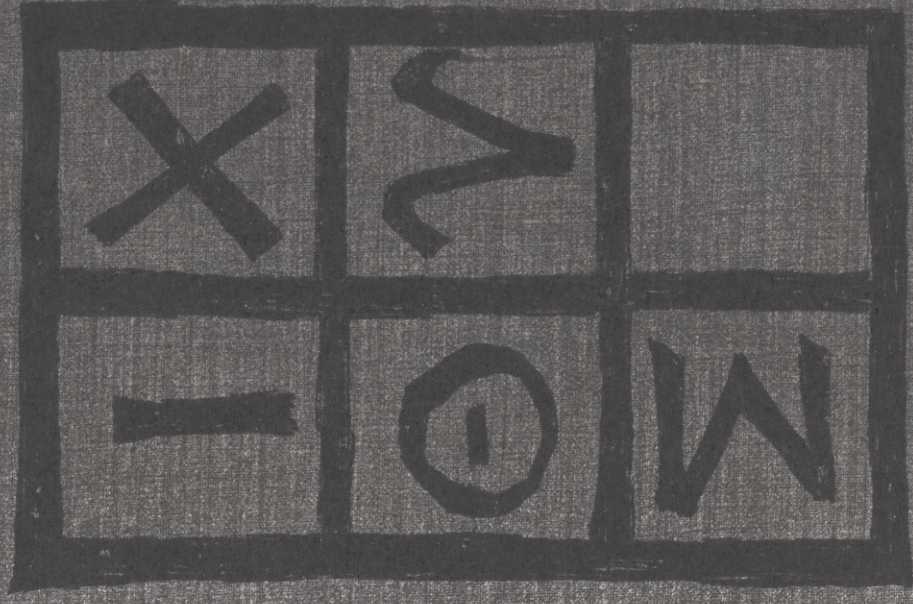


TOWER AD APRIL 1960



-YA

WANT

NEWS?

-YA

WANT

NEWS?

THERE ARE
APPROXIMATELY
315,469 TOILETS
IN THE CITY OF
SAN FRANCISCO.

'YA
WANT
POETRY ?

[illegible]

-YA
WANT
PICTURES ?

THEN
SUBMIT
SOME
DAMN IT !!

1960
 SUMMER SESSION AT C.S.F.A. INCLUDES THESE
 TOPICS: A. ADAMS - J. ANDERSON - C. CHILDRESS - J. COLLIER - S. HAYTER - C. FARR - R. G. S. LEONARD - F. LOBDELL - J. MILLER - F. MARTIN - W. MILLER - J. MONROE - H. MYERS - J. NORRALL - N. OLIVEIRA - H. PHILLIPS - B. STAPP - J. WASSERSTEIN - J. WANG - H. TAKEMOTO - J. WEEKS - PLUS THE GOOD LIFE

NEWS NOTES

PETER SHOEMAKER IS SHOWING AT THE OAKLAND JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER.

ARTISTS COOPERATIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO HAS BEEN FEATURING PAINTINGS BY SYD FOSSUM.

A TWO-MAN SHOW AT STAEMPFLI GALLERY IN NEW YORK HAS SHOWN WORKS BY JOAN BROWN.

THE CALIFORNIA SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS IS SPONSORING AN EXHIBITION OF WORKS BY SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS IN SAN FRANCISCO FROM APRIL 25 THROUGH MAY 1.

"IMPROVIGATION IN SOUND" WILL BE PRESENTED FRIDAY, MAY 6, AT THIS SCHOOL AT 8:00 P.M. THERE WILL BE DEMONSTRATIONS USING TAPES AND LIVE SOUNDS. ADMISSION IS FREE.

EVELYN KANE IS PARTICIPATING IN A "LEADING WESTERN WOMEN PAINTERS EXHIBIT" AT THE SANTA MONICA LIBRARY GALLERY IN MAY.

ROLF EISELIN HAS HAD AN ENTRY ACCEPTED IN THE CURRENT EXHIBITION AT THE CONNECTICUT ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

NATHAN OLIVEIRA, GEORGE MIYASAKI, DENNIS BEALL, AND RICHARD GRAF ARE EXHIBITING PRINTS AT THE SAN FRANCISCO MUSEUM OF ART THROUGH MAY 15.
 LOU SCHULTZ

79TH ANNUAL PAINTING AND SCULPTURE EXHIBITION OF THE SAN FRANCISCO ART ASSOCIATION ENDS APRIL 24

PRINTS BY BAY AREA ARTISTS
 NUMBER FOUR
 SAN FRANCISCO MUSEUM OF ART

ANOTHER AFTER THE OTHER

I REMEMBER A SERIOUS YOUNG GIRL
AS SHE LAUGHED, EAGER ON THE SHORE,
AND CAST HER BEST STONE AT THE SUN.

IT ROSE CLIMBING ABOVE THE COLD WATER,
CAME TO IT'S CREST, AND FELL
FAR FROM THE RADIANT FERVOR.

A GUSH OF JAGGED SILVER
RETURNS TO THE SHATTER
OF A REFLECTED CLOUD.

FLICKERING, WHITE FRAGMENTS
RACE TOGETHER, AND DISAPPEAR
INTO THE SILENT MIRROR.

UNTITLED

NIGHT NEEDS A FIRE
FOR INNER WARMTH.
WHY DOES THE DOOR OPEN
ONLY TO THE SAME GHOST?
MUST WE LOOK INWARD AGAIN?

DONALD CHARPENTIER

We are not alone
Except in our own aloneness...
In our need.

We came for no purpose
And achieve no end...
But death.

Our claim to life's candle...
That light of dreams and hope...
Is brief...

Only a momentary fluttering
Of moth wings in the eternity
That smothers us...
Mercifully.

J.W.M.

ON THE OTHER SIDE
WHERE THERE IS NOTHING
I HAVE WALKED
MANY TIMES

DUDFIELD

we
still
need
students
to help
with
the
graphics
magazine
this
semester,
summer
session,
and next
fall.
please
contact
mr. oliveira
mr. hassel
mr. lash
or al
o'shaughnessy

PRAYER

WIND THAT BLOWS AND HOWLS THROUGH MY BODY
PASS WHILE I BREATHE A PRAYER
FOR THE COUNTLESS DAYS THAT RIGHT
YOUR TREADS INTO INFINITY

FLOW WITHOUT CONCERN OF MY SHADOW
THAT REECHOES THE PASSING MOMENT
LINGER UNTIL THE ETERNAL NIGHT
FULFILLS THE MERCY OF SLEEP

TAKE MY FORM IN YOUR INVISIBILITY
AND PASS EASY THE SOLITARY MAN
AS HE CREEPS COUNTING STEPS
THROUGH WINDING ROADS BY THE SEAS
CROWDED WITH MARCHING WAVES

TOUCH THE LEAVES THAT HAVE FALLEN
CRISPY IN COLORED HEAT
SWAY THE GIANT TREES
FOR A MOMENT OF GLADNESS
THAT THEY TOO MAY BOW
TO THE LONELY PASSING CLOUDS
WHO CARRY LIFE GIVING TEARS
AS THEY STAND ROOTED AND DYING
SHEDDING LEAVES AND SEEDS

FILTER THE RAYS OF THE BURNING STAR
TO GIVE COLORS TO FLOWERS
SCATTER THE FLAMES OF MY JOY
THAT FORMS RIPPLES IN YOUR WAKE

LEON H. SARSOZO

SPEAK NOW...

OH, SPEAK NOW

BEFORE THIS FLEETING MOMENT IS LOST...

BEFORE WE TWO ARE HURLED APART
BY THE RESTLESS WINDS.

REACH OUT...

OH, REACH OUT NOW

AND TAKE MY OFFERED HAND

BEFORE ITS PRECIOUS WARMTH IS LOST...

BEFORE IT TURNS TO STONE UPON MY ARM.

YOUR VOICE...

YOUR HAND IN MINE PRESSED TIGHT

J.W.M.

THE
BEER
KEG
CHESTNUT
AND
COLUMBUS



MTS

MEETING
THIS
AFTERNOON
4:30

MAGIC
CARPET



TOWER

PAGE 4

TOWER

APRIL 18, 1960
VOL. 60 NO. III

TOWER IS MIMED-
GRAPHED MONTHLY
BY STUDENTS AT THE
CALIFORNIA SCHOOL
OF FINE ARTS, 800
CHESTNUT STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CA.

EDITOR:
AL O'SHAUGHNESSY

WILLY
WILLY
WILLY

THE
BRIGHTON
EXPRESS
DINNERS WINES COFFEES
5500 PACIFIC AVE.

BYZANTINE STANDARDS
HEMLOCK 4914

Charley's Endless Parable of the Frogs....

"OH SHUT UP CHARLEY, STOP SNIVELING. I DID NOT KILL YOUR FROG." THE OTHER CHILDREN WENT RUNNING OFF INTO THE BUSHES, SHOUTING "PEE PEE PEE-FROG PEE." BUD PULLED AT CHARLEY, TO GET HIM OUT OF THE ROAD, TO KEEP HIM FROM GETTING CRUSHED LIKE THE FROG. CHARLEY, YOU KNOW CHARLEY, YOU STEPPED ON IT YOUR OWN SELF." CHARLEY RESPONDED WITH MORE SOBS AS BUD LED HIM AWAY INTO THE HIGH GRASS WHERE HE FLUNG HIMSELF DOWN, STILL SOBING. "I TELL YOU CHARLEY, A CAR KILLED IT. LOOK, I'LL LIFT UP YOUR HEAD - LOOK, IT CAME FROM RIGHT THERE. THAT CURVE, RIGHT BEYOND THE BUSHES - THAT'S WHERE YOUR DAMNED FROG CAME FROM."

CHARLEY STOOD TO LISTEN TO THE VOICES OF THE FROGS, RISING FROM THE POND DOWN BEHIND THE BUSHES, AND TO THE SHRIEKS OF PEE PEE-FROG, PEE, COMING FROM THE CHILDREN WHO WERE CERTAINLY BY NOW RUNNING AROUND THE POND AGAIN, TRYING TO CATCH MORE FROGS AND ENJOY THE SIGHT OF THEM BEING CRUSHED BETWEEN FLAT ROCKS. BUT CHARLEY WAS MUCH TOO SENSITIVE TO ENJOY THE SIGHT OF THE FROGS BEING CRUSHED TILL THEY TRICKLED GREEN. TURNING HIS BACK ON THE FUN, HE FELT HIMSELF BEING SWEEP AWAY BY THAT OLD CREATIVE MANIA, SO BEAUTIFULLY DISCIPLINED BY THE ACADEMIC RIGORS OF A NEARBY ART SCHOOL. ON REACHING A QUIET PLACE, WHERE AT LAST THE CRIES FROM THE POND WERE HUSHED, HE SPREAD AN OLD CRUMBLED COOKIE-BOX ON A FLAT ROCK, SMOOTHED AWAY THE WRINKLES AND LET HIS PENCIL TRACE A STORY WHICH HAD BEEN GROWING FOR WEEKS UNDER THE DARK LOAM OF HIS MIND. OH, THAT LOVELY GREEN SHOOT! SOON IT WOULD GROW HIGH AND STRONG INTO ANOTHER EXQUISITE STORY FOR THE TOWER. HIS PENCIL RUSHED ALONG, AND THE STORY, LIKE THE VOICES OF THE FROGS, ROSE UP FROM MORTALITY. FINISHED AT LAST, HE READ WHAT HE HAD CREATED ON THE CARDBOARD: "OH SHUT UP CHARLEY, STOP SNIVELING. I DID NOT KILL YOUR FROG." THE OTHER CHILDREN WENT RUNNING OFF INTO THE BUSHES, SHOUTING "PEE PEE PEE-FROG, PEE....

(VOLUNTEER FROM BERKELEY)

I

HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?
MY SON --
DID HE PASS THIS WAY?

HOW BENT WAS HE BENEATH THE RESISTING WEIGHT
OF THE MAN-MADE, TORTURING BEAMS
OF ROUGHENED, ROTTING WOOD?

HOW DEEP RAN HIS BLOOD
ALONG THE STONES THAT TRIPPED HIM UP,
AND INTO THE GULLIED SHADOWS
WHERE THE HEART HID
FROM SUCH A GHASTLY PARADE?

AND WAS HIS SWEET,
VIRGIN KISSED, UNFURROWED BROW
MARKED, DEEP AND RED,
BY THE POISON CARESS OF THORNS,
THE UNSIGHTLY CROWN OF PAIN, HE WORE?

DID HIS EYES FALTER IN THEIR GLANCE?
THAT PIERCING SWORD OF KNOWLEDGE,
SO HARD SOUGHT --
AND SO HARD HELD AGAINST GREAT OVER-WHELMING DOUGHT.
DID HIS GLANCE FALTER?
OR DID YOURS.

AND DID YOU HELP HIM UP,
WHEN FIRST HE FALTERED IN HIS STEP
AND FELL --
CRUSHED AND ALONE
BENEATH THE CROSSED TIMBERS
OF HIS DOOM?

DID YOU FEEL THE WEIGHT
UPON HIS LACERATED SHOULDERS
OF THOSE TIMBERS, FASHIONED FROM THE
TALL AND GLORIOUS TREES --
ROUGH HEWN BY TRAITORS
INTO CRUDE INSTRUMENTS OF SUCH A DEATH?

DID YOU HEAR THE WOMEN CRY,
THE HARLOT'S ANGUISHED SOB,
AS TEARS RAN IN SILVER STREAMS FROM
ONCE TRUSTING EYES?
STRONG, BELIEVING MEN WEPT UNASHAMED.
DID YOU HEAR THEIR SORROW?

AND DID YOU SEE,
OR COULD YOU LOOK
UPON HIS TENDER, SO-LOVED BODY,
STRUNG HIGH UPON THE BLOODY DEATHS HILL?
HIS STRONG COMFORTING HANDS
PIERCED AND BLEEDING FROM THE
COLD, IRON NAILS?

DID YOU WATCH THOSE FINAL HOURS?
HEAR HIM CRY AND HAND ON EACH WORD?
DID YOU FEEL HIS STRENGTH AND PAIN?
HIS FORGIVENESS AND MERCY
AS HE SHUDDERED THERE AND DIED?

I COULD NOT BEAR TO SEE HIM SO.
THIS BODY OF MY BODY,
THAT SPRANG SO EAGERLY
FROM MY TRUSTING, COMFORTING WOMB. (CONTINUED NEXT PAGE)

THIS FAIR AND RADIANT FACT
ONCE PRESSED IN NEED AGAINST MY
FLOWING BREAST FOR SUSTENANCE -
NOW COLD AND TWISTED WITH A MASK OF DEATH.

I COULD NOT LOOK UPON THE TOMB
WHEREIN HE LAY
WRAPPED IN SOFT, WHITE LINEN -
NO LONGER WHITE,
AS HIS ACCUSING BLOOD
SEEPED THROUGH THE LAYERS OF COVERING CLOTH.

MY HEART -
BESIDE HIM IN THE TOMB
SHALL LIE-QUIETED -
AND SHALL FEEL NO PAIN OF LOSS.
FOR WITH THIS PASSING -
WITH THIS BETRAYED, INIQUITOUS DEATH -
I LIVE NO MORE.

IF ONLY I COULD LAY THIS
COLD AND NOW UNFEELING BODY -
THIS BODY ONCE SO FILLED WITH WONDER
AT THIS COMING AND BIRTH -
SO EXHAUSTED AT HIS LIFE-GIVING, AT HIS FEET
AND REST WITH HIM IN THE TOMB,
TRUSTING.

II

I HEARD THE PROPHET'S VOICES FROM BEFORE,
AND KNEW THEIR MESSAGE -
AND SAY THEIR WORDS INCARNATE
IN HIS BIRTH.

KNOWING - AND NOT - KNOWING -
I HELD HIM CLOSE UPON ME,
KISSED HIS SWEET LIPS,
AND GLORIED IN THE JOY OF THE LOAN.
A MOTHER'S PANGS OF SHARED PAIN AND FEAR
WERE MY TREASURE.

BUT, SO SOON -
HE WAS TORN FROM MY ACHING ARMS
AND LED AMONG CURSES, HATE, STONES AND JEALOUS FEAR
TO HIS PRE-DESTINED FATE
UPON THAT CURSED HILL OF DEATH.

OH, GREAT POWER ABOVE -
WHO LOANED ME SUCH JOY - AND FAITH -
DRY UP THESE SOBBING, FAILING EYES.
TEAR OUT THIS TRUSTING, BURNING HEART
AND STILL ITS SORROWING -

IN YOUR UNDOUGHTED WISDOM
YOU HAVE DONE SO.
IN YOUR GREAT KNOWLEDGE AND LOVE
YOU HAVE GIVEN - -
AND HAVE TAKEN AWAY.

NOW, DEAR GOD, NOW -
BEFORE I DOUBT - AND CRY
MY DISBELIEF UPON THE TREMBLING MOUNTAINS
OR BESIDE THE QUIETED TORRENTS
WHERE ONCE HE WALKED
AND PRAYED TO THEE -

NOW, OH FATHER OF MY TORTURED SON,
TAKE THIS LIFE,
THIS EMPTIED, HOLLOWED VESSEL OF THY IMMENSITY
TAKE THIS LIFE OF MINE,
AND BRING ME TO HIM AGAIN.

J. WARREN MAYES

THE FIRST ELEGY

WHO, IF I CRIED, WOULD HEAR ME AMONG THE ANGELIC
 ORDERS? AND EVEN IF ONE OF THEM SUDDENLY
 PRESSED ME AGAINST HIS HEART I SHOULD FADE IN THE STRENGTH OF HIS
 STRONGER EXISTENCE. FOR BEAUTY'S NOTHING
 BUT BEGINNING OF TERROR WE STILL JUST ABLE TO BEAR,
 AND WHY WE ADORE IT SO IS BECAUSE IT SERENELY
 DISDAINS TO DESTROY US. EACH SINGLE ANGEL IS TERRIBLE.
 AND SO I KEEP DOWN MY HEART, AND SWALLOW THE CALL-NOTE
 OF DEPTH-DARK SOBBING. ALAS, WHO IS THERE
 WE CAN MAKE USE OF? NOT ANGELS, NOT MEN;
 AND ALREADY THE KNOWING BRUIES ARE AWARE
 THAT WE DON'T FEEL VERY SECURELY AT HOME
 WITHIN OUR INTERPRETED WORLD. THERE REMAINS, PERHAPS,
 SOME TREE ON A SLOPE, TO BE LOOKED AT DAY AFTER DAY,
 THERE REMAINS FOR US YESTERDAY'S WALK AND THE CUPBOARD-LOVE LOYALTY
 OF A HABIT THAT LIKED US AND STAYED AND NEVER GAVE NOTICE.
 OH, AND THERE'S NIGHT, THERE'S NIGHT, WHEN WIND FULL OF COSMIC
 SPACE
 FEEDS ON OUR FACES: FOR WHOM WOULD SHE NOT REMAIN,
 LONGED FOR, MILD DISENCHANTRESS, PAINFULLY THERE
 FOR THE LONELY HEART TO ACHIEVE? IS SHE LIGHTER FOR LOVERS?
 ALAS, WITH EACH OTHER THEY ONLY CONCEAL THEIR LOT!
 DON'T YOU KNOW YET? — FLING THE EMPTINESS OUT OF YOUR ARMS
 INTO THE SPACE WE BREATHE. . . MAYBE THAT THE BIRDS
 WILL FEEL THE EXTENDED AIR IN MORE INTIMATE FLIGHT.

YES, THE SPRINGS HAD NEED OF YOU. MANY A STAR
 WAS WAITING FOR YOU TO ESPY IT. MANY A WAVE
 WOULD RISE ON THE PAST TOWARDS YOU; OR, ELSE, PERHAPS
 AS YOU WENT BY AN OPEN WINDOW, A VIOLIN
 WOULD BE GIVING ITSELF TO SOMEONE. ALL THIS WAS A TRUST.
 BUT WERE YOU EQUIL TO IT? WERE YOU NOT ALWAYS
 DISTRACTED BY EXPECTATION, AS THOUGH ALL THIS
 WERE ANNOUNCING SOMEONE TO LOVE? (AS IF YOU COULD HOPE
 TO CONCEAL HER, WITH ALL THOSE GREAT STRANGE THOUGHTS
 GOING IN AND OUT AND OFTEN STAYING OVERNIGHT!)
 NO, WHEN LONGING COMES OVER YOU, SING THE GREAT LOVERS: THE FAME
 OF ALL THEY CAN FEEL IS FAR FROM IMMORTAL ENOUGH.
 THOSE WHOM YOU ALMOST ENVIED, THOSE FORSAKEN, YOU FOUND
 SO FAR BEYOND THE REQUESTED IN LOVING. BEGIN
 EVER ANEW THEIR NEVER ATTAINABLE PRAISE.
 CONSIDER: THE HERO CONTINUES, EVEN HIS FALL
 WAS A PRETEXT FOR FURTHER EXISTENCE, AN ULTIMATE BIRTH.
 BUT LOVERS ARE TAKEN ABACK BY EXHAUSTED NATURE
 INTO HERSELF, AS THOUGH SUCH CREATIVE FORCE
 COULD NEVER BE RE-EXERTED. HAVE YOU SO FULLY REMEMBERED
 GASPARA STAMPA, THAT ANY GIRL, WHOSE BELOVED'S
 ELUDED HER, MAY FEEL, FROM THAT FAR INTENSER
 EXAMPLE OF LOVING: "IF I COULD BECOME LIKE HER!"?
 OUGHT NOT THESE OLDEST SUFFERINGS OF OURS BE YIELDING
 MORE FRUIT BY NOW? IS IT NOT TIME THAT, IN LOVING,
 WE FREED OURSELVES FROM THE LOVED ONE, AND, QUIVERING, ENDURED:
 AS THE ARROW ENDURES THE STRING, TO BECOME, IN THE GATHERING-
 OUT-LEAP
 SOMETHING MORE THAN ITSELF? FOR STAYING IS NOWHERE.

VOICES, VOICES. HEAR, O MY HEART, AS ONLY
 SAINTS HAVE HEARD: HEARD TILL THE GIANT-CALL
 LIFTED THEM OFF THE GROUND; YET THEY WENT IMPOSSIBLY
 ON WITH THEIR KNEELING, IN UNDISTRACTED ATTENTION:
 SO INHERENTLY HEARERS. NOT THAT YOU COULD ENDURE
 THE VOICE OF GOD — FAR FROM IT. BUT HARK TO THE SUSPIRATION,
 THE UNINTERRUPTED NEWS THAT GROWS OUT OF SILENCE.
 RUSTLING TOWARDS YOU NOW FROM THOSE YOUTHFULLY-DEAD.
 WHENEVER YOU ENTERED A CHURCH IN ROME OR NAPLES
 WERE YOU NOT ALWAYS BEING QUIETLY ADDRESSED BY THEIR FATE?
 OR ELSE AN INSCRIPTION SUBLIMELY IMPOSED ITSELF UPON YOU,
 AS, LATELY, THE TABLET IN SANTA MARIA FORMOSA.
 WHAT THEY REQUIRE OF ME? I MUST GENTLY REMOBE THE APPEARANCE
 OF SUFFERED INJUSTICE, THAT HINDERS
 A LITTLE, AT TIMES, THEIR PURELY-PROCEEDING SPIRITS.

(CONTINUED NEXT PAGE)

TRUE, IT IS STRANGE TO INHABIT THE EARTH NO LONGER,
 TO USE NO LONGER CUSTOMS SCARCELY ACQUIRED,
 NOT TO INTERPRET ROSES, AND OTHER THINGS
 THAT PROMISE SO MUCH, IN TERMS OF A HUMAN FUTURE;
 TO BE NO LONGER ALL THAT ONE USED TO BE
 IN ENDLESSLY ANXIOUS HANDS, AND TO LAY ASIDE
 EVEN ONE'S PROPER NAME LIKE A BROKEN TOY.
 STRANGE, NOT TO GO ON WISHING ONE'S WISHES. STRANGE,
 TO SEE ALL THAT WAS ONCE RELATION SO LOOSELY FLUTTERING
 HITHER AND THITHER IN SPACE. AND IT'S HARD, BEING DEAD,
 AND FULL OF RETRIEVING BEFORE ONE BEGINS TO ESPY
 A TRACE OF ETERNITY. -- YES, BUT ALL OF THE LIVING
 MAKE THE MISTAKE OF DRAWING TOO SHARP DISTINCTIONS.
 ANGELS, (THEY SAY) ARE OFTEN UNABLE TO TELL
 WHETHER THEY MOVE AMONG THE LIVING OR DEAD. THE ETERNAL
 TORRENT WHIRLS ALL THE AGES THROUGH EITHER REALM
 FOREVER, AND SOUNDS ABOVE THEIR VOICES IN BOTH.

THEY'VE FINALLY NO NEED OF US, THE EARLY DEPARTED,
 ONE'S GENTLY WEANED FROM TERRESTRIAL THINGS AS ONE MILDLY
 OUTGROWS THE BREAST OF A MOTHER. BUT WE, THAT HAVE NEED OF
 SUCH MIGHTY SECRETS, WE, FOR WHOM SORROW'S SO OFTEN
 SOURCE OF BLESSEDEST PROGRESS, COULD WE EXIST WITHOUT THEM?
 IS THE STORY IN VAIN, HOW ONCE, IN THE MOURNING FOR LINDS,
 VENTURING EARLIEST MUSIC PIERCED BARREN NUMBNESS, AND HOW,
 IN THE HORRIFIED SPACE AN ALMOST DEIFIED YOUTH
 SUDDENLY QUITTED FOREVER, EMPTINESS FIRST
 FELT THE VIBRATION THAT NOW CHARMS US AND COMFORTS AND HELPS?

RAINER MARIA RILKE

"IN THE DREAM OF LIFE IS MAN WHO FINDS
 HIS TRUTHS AND LOSES THEM, ON DEATH'S EARTH,
 IN ORDER TO RETURN THROUGH WARS, CLAMOR,
 THE PASSION FOR JUSTICE AND LOVE, THROUGH
 SUFFERING TOO, TOWARD THAT PEACEFUL
 LAND WHERE DEATH ITSELF IS A HAPPY
 SILENCE."

"IN THE MIDST OF
 WINTER, I FINALLY
 LEARNED THAT THERE WAS
 IN ME AN
 INVINCIBLE SUMMER"

CAMUS